did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course unnaturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindenesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? we wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expresse a generall praise to her, and care in us, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'he gods, that Winter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I advise. *Exit.*

Enter, Gower.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Saile seaes in Cockels, have and wish but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To use one Langnage, in each severall clime,
Where our scenes seeme to live. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his lives delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to governe it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.

Well

Well saying ships, and bount
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke
So with his sterage, shall your
To fetch his daughter home, w
Like moates and shadowes, se
Your eares unto your eyes Ile

Enter Pericles at one doore, wi
at the other. Cleon shewes P
makes lamentation, puts on
departs.

Gower. See how beleefe ma
This borrowed passion stands
And *Pericles* in sorrow all dev
With sighes shot through, and
Leaves *Tharsus*, and againe imb
Never to wash his face, nor cu
He put on sackcloth and to sea
A tempest which his mortall v
And yet he rides it out. Now t
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, w

The faireſt ſweeteſt, a
Who withered in her ſpr
She was of Tyrus the K
On whom foule, death ha
Marina was ſhe cald, a
That is being proud, ſwa
Therefore the earth feari
Hath Thetis birth-child
Wherefore ſhe does and ſw
Make raging Battrie up

No vizor does become blacke v
So well as soft and tender flatte
Let *Pericles* beleeve his daughte
And beare his courses to be ord

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA